#### A POLITICAL ECLYPAR.

Some Constitutional Opinions Old-fashioned Notions Revived.

It cannot be denied that during the last quarter of a century there has been a reaction in this country in favor of strong government. Men advocate with impunity, and even with a certain measure of popular approval, theories which, before the civil war, would have been thought either treasonable or the ebulitions of a disordered reason. Laws have recently been passed, too, which would once have been pronounced not only unconstitutional, but

revolutionary.

Take the Inter-State Commerce law as an example. The advocates of this measure defend it on the constitutional right of Congress to regulate commerce between States. Reflection, however, should convince any man that it is not defensible on this ground. Congress has the right to regulate inter-State commerce under certain restrictions. It has the right to prevent discriminating legislation on the part of one State against the citizens of another State were it found necessary at any time to reenforce the constitutional provisions by a special act. It has the right, also, to see that no obstructions are thrown in the way of free communication. But there is a limit to its authority. Outside the District of Columbia and the territories. Congress does not possess the right of eminent domain, and can grant no charters which confer a right to the control of property. How idie, then, is the assumption that it has the right to step in and take the virtual management of the entire railway system of the country, subjecting the diectors, who owe their existence and authority to the sanction of State laws, to a new Federal directory called Inter-State Commerce Commissioners. To claim that the inter-State commerce clause in the constitution gives Congress that right is to claim that the instrument which we have been taught to revere was born to inevitable suicide, that the founders of our institutions established a system of State governments combined into a perfected Union, and then inadvertantly worked in a provision for the abolition of the States whenever it suited the central authority

perfected Union, and then inadvertantly worked in a provision for the abolition of the States whenever it suited the central authority to convert them into departments. The logic of these commerce regulators proves too much, and it implies that the framers of the Constitution did not understand their own work. But they made no mistake. The right of Congress to regulate commerce between States furnished the merest pretext for an act of usurpation unparalleled in the history of the Government. That the chief author of the law should have been a man who spent four years of his life in lighting for the right of secession, is entirely consistent with what we know of the ratiocinations of men with unbalanced heads. It was entirely reasonable, after a few years, that such a measure should have been made to follow and supplement an ordinance of secession. Heally, the four years that Senator Reagan passed in rebellion are likely to prove about the best spent years of this life.

But this is only an instance of Federal encroachment. The States themselves, in their interference with the personal liberty of citizens, are setting an example to Congress which that body might be expected to follow in making invasions on the reserved rights of the States. There would have been no Federal Railway Commissions; and so we see that everything may be made to work together for the ends of those who love iniquity.

There can be no doubt that our civil war was a partial cause of the prevailing demoralization, so far as it is manifested in Federal legislation. Any one familiar with the political literature of the country down to the outbroak of the rebellion will recall how rarely the word Government was used in reference to the Federal authority. Men spoke of Congress, the Federal administration, and the United States Courts, but rarely of the Government as the word is now aggressively used. In looking over the Federal Constitution, too, we find the word so rare that the omiscion is made to seem deliberate and intentional. It was only

and stockholders in corporations of not belong to the people; but that they form a distinct class antagonistic to the people, and only to be properly handled when subjected to special and restrictive regulations. By a curious pervorsion of language and misconcopine and the such and inspectable cover for his rescalities, the two words are used interchangeably, and may be supposed to represent an alliance formed for the purpose of resisting some undefined and hardly conceivable monster which threatens to swallow up both the united beligerants at one and the same time, and at no distant day.

It should be needless to say that from this confusion in fleas has sprung a vory dangerous situation At between the wolf and the name and the same time, and at the such as a very dangerous situation At between the wolf and the name and the same time, and if the fails to relish his lamb on occasion. Given all the favorable conditions for a dinner, and if there be any such food within reach, it will go hard if he fails to obtain a supply. As soon as the imaginary wolf had vanished, we should be certain to see the real wolf turn and rend the innocent that had so confidently trusted itself to his protection. He would not oven consent to wait so long. The maginary wolf would be made a real wolf turn and rend the time contrained, and of the hamb in any such company.

The situation is peculiarly dangerous at this time because of events little considered in this general parts. The substant is peculiarly dangered and after the lamb in any such considered in this general parts. The stream of the real wolf the hamb in any such considered in the such parts. The stream of the substant is a supply and the real wolf the substant substant is proposed evil and great future tribulations abroad. Once during several centuries, in all despotic countries, there usually arises a great ruler, a man of blood and iron, capable of the most extreme acts of oppression, but able to capitate

mirable, and worthy of all respect; and what he conceives to be good for the imperial resime in Germany must be good for all the world. If we cannot rise to the full alltitude of this imperial measuring rod, who stands more than six feet in his stockings, let us at least stand five feet six in our boots, and have railway commissions, committees in testigation, ecomplete Germanization of our institutions.

These are the three forces that are propelling us over a revolutionary road: First, the impulse received from the civil war; secondly, the dread of a purely imaginary danger growing out of the existence of great corporations; and, finally, the admiration inspired by the merely brutal triumph of the chief living representative of force in government. Many advocates of revolutionary measures will be inclined to deny that they are influenced from abroad. But the origin of their new light is too palasably in view to permit an honest demarks on the particular of the rapid material growth of the German empire under the new order. Rapid indeed! The people of Germany and the United States. We are even pointed to the rapid material growth of the German empire under the new order. Rapid indeed! The people of Germany are worth \$200 per explict; and they have been at work since before the first Count of Harsburg, or Habsberg, became known to history, four hundred years earlier than the discovery of America by Columbus, it getting together this enormous hoand of treasure. True, we are not very rich ourselves: but we can about double on that sum, and the United States have run their career during the live of the getting together this enormous hoand of treasure. True, we are not very rich ourselves; but we can about double on that sum, and the United States have run their career during the live of the capital wealth. Its relative value is not greater in one county than in another. The value of land everywhere is derived only from occupancy. Massachusetts, which is comparatively a potato patch in extent and that makes our for

#### FAKIRS' WILES.

An Expert Swindler Tells How the Guilible

From the Chicago Pribune.
"You're asking me about fakirs, ain't you The been a lakir for wearty years. Things is cheen a lakir for wearty years. Things is cheen a lakir for wearty years. Things is cheen a lakir for wearty years. The live of the lake of the convention of the wheel or the shell or the cards you've got to be as smart as a bank President. The wheel is a circle marked out on a table covered with oli-cloth. The table is four or five feet long by three or four feet wide, and third of the circle is developed the convention of the covered with oli-cloth. The table is four or five feet long by three or four feet wide, and third of the circle is a brass or steel spear fixed on a pivot, so as to swing. Fakirs follow lairs and circuses and byrse races most generally, though they go wherever there is a crowd, especially of country people. Well, now sect up my sum they like against any of my three colors. Suppose there are eighteen color sections and \$1 on each. Hed wins. I lose six rods, but I can pay it out of the other twelve winnings and be square. But if the game is kept up long as is a little groove running from the edge close to the pivot of the spear. In the grove and connected with a little spring in the edge is a strong iron rod called the punch. It ninches the countrymen's dollars without their ever suspecting if, for the whole arrangemont is all covered with the oli-clh. If all the decirch is a strong iron rod called the punch, it ninches the countrymen's dollars without their ever suspecting if, for the whole arrangemont is all covered with the oli-clh. If all the decirch is a strong iron rod called the punch, it ninches the countrymen's dollars without when the majority of the money is close, and when the majority of the money is close, and when the majority of the money is close, and when the majority of the money is close, and when the majority of the money is close, and when the majority of the money is close, and we rake in the big pile again.

"But dosen't the south in winding she had been getting the pile again in the class." The she will be a superior of

# From the Richmond State.

Mr. Karl Kramer, who is now at work frescoing the interior of Mr. Joseph Bryan's residence, after getting through with his day's work went to the brook a standing on the bank he noticed a large black snake colled up on a log. Mr. Kramer struck at the snake with this pole to frighten it off, but the snake didn't move. He then threw a rock at it. The snake sprang at him and fastened its farms in his krousers. Mr. Aram ferked it upwards, instantly the snake colled its dods until Mr. Kramer was nearly sufficient the inglist folds until Mr. Kramer was nearly sufficient that unless he was released from the deadly embrace he would be killed. Mr. Kramer, who was growing weak from the structure, singgered up to a large rock which was a short distance of and beat the head of the snake against it until it was killed. The snake measured eight feet long and six inches around the body.

Some of the Men who Make these Weekly Journals-Bishop England the Founder-John Boyle O'Reilly, the Poet-Novellat Editor - Chevaller Hickey - Why Mont Catholic Papers Do Not Pay Expenses.

BALTIMORE, June 4.--Very few people not immediately concerned have any idea of the large number of Catholic journals published in the United States. Bishop England of Charleston, a man of indomitable energy, and notable in the history of the Church in the United States as a most eloquent speaker and most forcible writer, founded the Catholic press of this country in 1822, when he started the United States Catholic Miscellany, which collapsed on the outbreak of the war in 1861. The Miscellany was his vehicle for extended controversies, some of which ran six months or a year, each article covering six or eight columns, and dealing with the abstrusest problems of theology and history. It is said that on some occasions when he was unable to pay his printers he would himself set up several of these articles in a week, compos-ing them as he placed the type in the stick. After doing this he would have to pay out money that he would never get back for the paper and presswork. The right-hand man of Daniel O'Connell while he lived in Ireland, Bishop England had the pluck and the energy to undertake almost anything. But so long as there was nothing beyond what he encounterend few were found to follow in his footsteps, when expected to ment from their several papers were founded, but always by Bishops, who expected to ment from their suit from the mere mechanical work of secting out the paper, so regular journalist critical country of the paper. No regular journalist critical their papers, so regular journalist critical paters and that led others to tend the led of the paper, so regular journalist critical paters and that led others to tend the led of some failed, but the gradual though alone developed and their papers and the papers and the papers of the times by improving their sheet. Single of late of the papers of the times by improving their sheet. Single of the papers of the times by improving their sheet. Single of the papers of the times by improving their sheet. Single of the papers of the papers

SLEEPING CAR PORTERS. One of them Says that their Life is No Joke

Western Watchman was presented with a \$500 gold watch by the Democrats of St. Louis for his efforts in behalf of the party in 1894. Mr. J. C. Curtin of the Catholic News was a veteran secular journalists before he took his present post. Besides these there are a number of bright young men who have not yet made names for themselves, but who do good work every week in the Catholic press.

A noticeable feature of the majority of these papers is the large space they devote to Irish news. I do not mean to the discussion of the great question now agitating the English Parliament, but to local items. Many of 'them give a whole long to clippings from Irish papers, arranging them under the heads of counties and towns. Hardly the smallest event is passed over, even to the deaths and marriages. The Irish are kin-loving people, and they want to know what is happening to the old folks. They are the chief support of the Catholic press, and as this is the matter they want to read, it is given to them. It is curious to see papers published 3,000 miles away printing these minute personal items.

With all the advantages I have described, producing excellent journals and heartily commended by the authorities of the Church, it may seem strange that the Catholic press is not a commercial success. It there are not six Catholic journals that pay. The others hold on because of the Irish news they give, and as the number of native Irishmen decreases, and as their children take their places, it is easy to see that the public support of these papers is diminishing. Children of Irishmen cannot feel the same interest in local Irish news that their parents did. So far as the political question goes, they read in the daily papers a good deal more on the subject than the weeklies can possibly reprint. Most of the leading dailies have been the effects of the encyclopedic Sunday issues of the daily journals. From the time it is got to press until it reaches its subscribers through the mails the average weekly is three days behind. Take a paper every ounce of provisions not accounted for calculated on the narrowest basis."

HUGH P. McELBONE.

### PASOUALE'S CREMATION.

Peculiar Ceremonles Over the Body of Famous Indian Chief. From the Arizona Sentinet.

Pasquale, the famous veteran chief of the Yumas, died on the night of the 9th inst. It is supposed he was at least 100 years old at his death. The Surgeon-General's report of 1876 claimed that he was then over 83. His filness was lingering, but severe, superinduced by anxiety for the welfare of his people during the recent measles epidemic, which swept away over 100 of his relatives and subjects. Pasquale was a remarkable man, particularly noted for his intelligence, courage, and physical strength. In these respects he ranked far above Cochise, Nana, Geronimo, and other chiefs of Arizona tribes.

But little of his history can be learned here, Gen. Heintzleman made him chief in 1851 when he established Fort Yuma. With the exception of some difficulities with the whites between the years 1852 and 1856 l'asquale has been friendly and peaceable. He was a just and fair-minded Indian himself, and often enforced discipline and obedience upon refractory members of his tribe by "snake-tailing," or the free use of the hickory. He was never known to drink nor steal, and the lash was the inevitable penalty for those violating his example. For the first violation, seven lashes were applied; for the second, fourteen lashes; for the third, twenty-one, and increasing thus for each repeated violation until the Indian was either reformed or whipped to death.

For weeks, wan and emaclated, a mere living skeleton, he lay upon his rude bed, surrounded night and day by squaws who kept up an increasing the surface of the fire wood and caught the horses that were to be slaughtered to accompany the chief to his future home.

Bright and early Tuosday morning many ladies and gentlemen from Yuma repaired to the Indian village to withess the curious and barbaric cremation, eremation, stor, which had been made days before. The younger bucks carried the firewood and caught the horses that were to be slaughtered to accompany the chief to his future home.

Bright and early Tuosday morning many ladies and gentlemen from Yuma repaired to the Ind

situated directly west of the hills upon which the tort is built, on the California shore of the Colorado, is in the midst of a flat covered with willow, mesquite, and cottonwood troes, which grow abundantly. Among these the rude huts, or wickiup of the Indians are scattered.

The entire tribe had been notified, and several hundred Yumas assembled about the funeral pile. This was formed by digging a V-shaped hole seven feet long by three feet wide. Along its sides large sticks of firy wood wore placed upright. Between these sticks a bed of dry twigs and brush was heaped, and upon this the body, well swathed in a sheet, was placed. Then came dry wood; next a thick canvas covering, and upon this logs were piled until the pyre reached seven feet in height. Then the worldly possessions of the old chief, comprising an old-fashioned trunk, quilts, blankets, knives, bows and arrows, calico, a gun, and a variety of other things. Two fine young horses, gaily rigged in bright-colored trappings, were brought to the pile, alongside of which their graves had been dug. Just before applying the torch the poor brutes were knocked on the head with axes, disembowelled, thrown into their graves, and, as the last shovel of dirt fell upon them, the torch was applied, and the dense smoke and flames rose heavenward, leaving but a heap of smouldering ashes to represent all that was carthly of Pasquale.

During the ceremony the bucks and squaws grouped about the funeral pile, kept up a solemn, heartrending crying and walling, the anguish and sorrow of which could not have been more intensely expressed by the highest type of civilization. Several young boys, holding bows and arrows, with fancifully designed headgear of red flannel and feathers, assisted actively. Many Indians threw their most valuable possessions into the flames. A buck his watch, squaws their ornaments and calico, and children and men their weapons. The older flatians generally led the ceremonies. Several tearful speeches were made, which though unintelligible to the w

TRAGIC DEATH OF KING OF TRUMPS. A Bull Fight on the Deck of a Barge Be-

A Buil Fight on the Deck of a Barge Between Monster Animals.

From the Biobeogreen Independent.

A most unusual scene was witnessed by the crew on the Beaubeoage the other day, being no less than a veritable buil fight between two of the finest animals on the continent. Two of the chiefs of the famous Big Island stock farm herd of Polled Angus Chivairy (1.763) and King of Trumps (2.895), weighing respectively 2.100 and 2.200 pounds, were being conveyed to the Big Island on the barge Paloma. The steamer Beaubocage had towed them over, and they were left on board the barge while the steamer crossed to Little Bob.

As the boat was returning the hands noticed a commotion on the barge, and it was soon seen that the King of Trumps had broken his fastenings and was moving around like a roaring lion. Chivairy was iashing about at the full length of his rope, while the King took a backward waltz to kick over everything in his way and dear the deck for action. Then he spilntered the bulwarks on the larboard side, and, charging to the starboard, snapped oak stanchions like pipe stems. This roused his ire to the right pitch, and bellowing challenge to Chivairy he ducked his head for a charge. The men on the approaching steamer grow excited and shouted themselves hoarse, while the engineer rushed to the pumps, but it was no use. The two monsters collided, and the barge trembled from stem to steen. So, likewise, did the two monsters. Then the King backed off and prepared for another charge. This time his eyes shot lire, and his tail was slashing around like a tearing cyclone. Again he advanced, but this time the hand of fate interposed for on the froth-strewn deck he slipped, and falling across a six by six building stick, some part of his internal economy must have given way, and just as the men jumped from the steamer a quiver ran through his mighty frame, and the King was no more. He was afmagnificent animal, well known to all the leading exhibitions, and was valued at \$1.500.

and their Business is Not Profitable.

One of them Says that their Life is No Jeke
and their Business is Not Profitable.

Prom the Chicago Tribusa.

A very intelligent colored man came into the Tribune office vesterday. He said: "I want to say a word for the sleeping car porter. I see lots of paragraphs going about in the papers I pick up in the car, and it seems everybody is down on the porter because he expects twenty-flive cents for a night's attendance and boot-blacking. Will you let me say my say?"
The colored man is perhaps 35 years of age, and has been a sleeping car porter for tweive years. He says he has gotten through with the business, and now proposes to do something else for a livelihood. "I have read jokes about the class I once belonged to till I'm tired. Now I want to give the other side. Will you listen to that?"

"With pleasure."

"Well, now. I want the traveiling public to understand that the car porter is the worst treated of the laboring class of people. Persons who travel constantly understand this well, and are our sympathizers, and help us out, but the great bulk of people think we are a shoal of sharks. It is not true, sir. The sleeping car porters are, for the most part, a deserving class, and ought to have more favorable recognition. What I want to say first, sir, said the colored man, as he drew his chair up closer, "what do you think of a rich corporation paying their men but an average of \$15 a month? Some mon get a little more, some get less, but the average is about \$15. Out of that we are supposed to live on the road, support families if we have them, buy uniforms, pay fines, and work on an average eighteen hours a day."

"O, but you are supposed to help this out by you tips."

"That is just what I want to talk about. Do you think a great corporation, beasting its millions or more surplus, ought to force its servants to get their support from the public on tips?"

"The argument was unanswerable.

"But," continued the ex-porter. "that is not all. Even the meagre salary they promise you is usually kept back in the guis

break, for every napkin that gets lost, and for every ounce of provisions not accounted for as calculated on the narrowest basis."

"Then there does not seem to be much in the car porterage profession except it be from tips?"

"There is mighty little in that the way the thing is running. The public have got a little mad at the meanness of the car companies, and a good many more 10-cent pieces get into our hands than quarters. A good many people scowl when the wisp broom approaches, and as for ladies—well, they never give us anything. They think we are paid good salaries, and ought to be content with that."

"What is about the average income of the car porter, taking his salary free from fines and his tips?"

"It will run from \$45 to \$75 a month. But I want to say that his salary ought not to count, for in seven cases out of ten the salary is eaten up by fines and shortages. But the income depends upon the run. The best run is between Chicago and St. Louis. A porter can on that run, if he is lucky on fines and hasn't too many towels and napkins to account for, make \$75 a month. But that's the only run in the country of its kind."

"What makes it so valuable?"

"It's short—it's simply all night. The cars are always full, and every passenger is good for a quarter, or a dime at least."

"How are the long runs? Don't they pay the best? Say the New York limited—isn't that pretty good?"

"Biess you, no. The limited on all the reads is the worst that is sent out. It is supposed to be the best for tips, considering the class of travel, so the companies only pay \$12 or so a month on that train, but you don't get it. You see there's only one night out. Now, you can't get more'n a quarter for a one-night run, I don't care how rich and liberal the traveller is; and then you've always got to discount the ladies. As I said before, ladies never pay anything. We can brush the nap off their cloaks, but they don't see the point. Lots of times I've brushed till I've got tired, and the only roward was a request to get the baby a gl

iunch hamper. I don't go much on ladies as passengers."

"But you think St. Louis is the best run?"

"Yes. St. Paul comes next on ordinary trains, but the fast trains, no! You see, the ordinary trains stop oftener, get on more passengers, and the quarter is nimbler. These trains are worth about \$60 a month, including salary, if it is not taken from you."

"How are the very long runs, like those to the Pacific coast?"

"They're no good as a regular thing. It was reported once that the bonanza silver people were giving the boys \$5 gold pieces, and the wages were cut from \$20 down to \$15 a month. The boys were not getting any such money. Once in a while when John Mackey or Senator Jones came over the porter got a couple of gold pieces, but it was no reglar thing. Fifty cents is about the average on the run from Omaha to Ogden; you can't get more than that—or at least can't count on it. That whole run ain't worth more than \$50 a month."

The colored man then spoke of another thing.

Cents is about the average on the run from Omaha to Ogden; you can't get more than that—or at least can't count on it. That whole run ain't worth more than \$50 a month."

The colored man then spoke of another thing. "We are compelled to go to a tailor who has a contract with the company. We have to pay him \$25 for such blue suits as you travellers see us wear. There isn't another tailor in Chicago that would not make them up of better material and shapeller cut for \$20. We have to pay \$2.25 for our caps, and those we are compelled to take from the storehouse. I lost mine once and had to got a new one. I had it made at a Clark street place for just \$1, and it was a prettier and better cap than the storehouse can produce. Our winter suits we have to pay \$450 for from the company's tailor, just \$750 more than we can get them for elsewhere of better material and better made.

"But," continued the colored man, "there are other petty exactions. These come from the porter's responsibility for the company's linen and other property. It has become a rule that porters at terminal stations and also en route must clean their spittoons, buffets, and silver inside of the cars. It takes from two to three hours to do this work. If the porter stops to do it he will have but little time to rest and be at home with his family. There is but one of two things left to do—he must lose his rest or hire some one to do the work for him. The companies make it a point to have a man or two around whom the porter can pay to do the work if he can employ him. Usually the porter can get his lamps cleaned for 25 cents, his spittoons for 35 cents, and his silver for half a dollar, but the buffet the porter must clean himself. The porters who run into New York, Jersey City, and Philadelphia have to pay more than those rates. In Jersey City, unless the porter wants to wait from one to three hours to exchange his solled linen for clean, he has to pay a man whom the companies keep around 35 cents of his hard-earned money. Porters running into the Un

## From the Kingston Freeman.

Hard Lines for the Squirrel.

This morning an odd combat was witnessed in Kondout between the robins, about an equal number of sparrows, and aspairrel. The birds were all arrayed against the squirrel. The fight, which lasted over an hour, was witnessed by William Van Vakenbergh and wife and several other people. When first discovered the birds were classing the squirrel from branch to branch of a large tree. Each attack was led by a robin with a breast redder than the others. The birds swroped down on the squirrel and pecked it with their sharphills. In vain the little animal tried to catch is enemies and defend itself from their repeated attacks. It ran from tree to tree in its efforts to escape. Its feathered antagonists were always on hand, and pecked it unmercifully. Growing tired of continuing the one-sided contest, the squirrel ran down the tree crossed the read, and a moment later was seen on the roof of Mr. Van Valkenburgh a house. The birds expled it, and once aligned the frisks little animal, the birds all the while uttering shrill cries. Across the street it darted back again and up the tree where the light first legan. At tack after attack was made by robins and sparrows. In among the leafy branches and crotches of the tree ran the squirrel, seeking a hiding plane. The birds gave it ne rest, but kept continually darting and pecking at it. Finally it ran to the top of the free, crawled out on a slender limb, and dropped on the roof of Mrs. Barber's bouse. It clambered over the roof, pursued by the birds. Down the leader it sild rapidly, and, running across the yard disappeared from view and from further quarrels was after eggs, and was caught in the set.

GUARDING THE MAILS. Swindlers Must be Sharp who Would Escape From the Utten Observer,

the Post Office Inspectors.

From the Uses Observer.

In a recent conversation with a veteran Post Office Inspector I learned some very interesting things about the guarding of the United States mails.

"The worst case I ever had," said the Inspector, "was in a country office in Pennsylvania, Letters had been stolen on a certain hack route, I obtained a broad brimmed hat and announced that I had come into the neighborhood to buy cattle. I sent decoy letters and kept close watch of all the offices. At length I had things preity well centered on a single office. It was kept by an old German who was noted for his honesty. His deputy was his 18-year-old daughter, a beautiful girl, who was engaged to be married to a rich farmer in the neighborhood. My suspicions were fastened upon this girl. I waited in the neighborhood for a week in order to make a trial when the old people were away from home. At length they left town for the day, and the office was in the hands of the daughter. I dropped a decoy letter into the bag just before it came into the office, and examining the mail after it left the office ond was present except the fair deputy Postnistress, and then, deliberately locking the door. I stepped behind the cases, and said in a deep, sepulchral voice:

"I want the letter which you took from the bag to-day."

"I want the letter which you took from the bag to-day."

"I want the letter which you took from the bag to-day."

"I want the letter which pro took from the bag to-day."

"I want the letter which pro took from the bag to-day."

"I want the letter which you took from the bag to-day."

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"I took calmiy before her, looking as much as possible like a Nemesis. At length she stopped short, and, throwing her arms around my neck, she piteously besought me:

"You won't send me to State prison

Was fast to explain:

"This man is tho best man that ever lived.
He has saved me."

"That was more unintelligible than ever to the old people. But at length all was explained and understood. Under the circumstances I decided not to arrest the girl. I could see no good that would come of it, and much evil. I made the old gentleman promise that she should never again touch the mails. A few months later she was married, and now is the mother of several children and is much respected in the neighborhood.

"About the funniest case I ever had anything to do with," the Inspector continued, "was that of a country editor."

"Relate it," said I, still interested.

"Well, there was some circulars put in my hand which read as follows:

[EXENSACES! GREENBACES!

I will furnish money as good as genuine for 10 per cent of face value. Send \$1 for sample lot. Strictly confidential.

"I saw immediately that the circular was

I will furnish money as good as genuine for 10 per cent. of face value. Send \$1 for sample lot. Strictly condential

"I saw immediately that the circular was printed in a country office, and I knew that there was only one office in the vicinity. I knew this printer well, and had not the least suspicion that he had anything to do with getting up the circulars. I decided to call on him, as I felt sure he might be able to help on the case. I accordingly visited the printer, and, showing him the circular, inquired:

"Can you throw any light on that?"

"I'll tell you how that was, said the editor, visibly confused. That was all a joke."

"Please explain the joke, said I.

"Well, now, lot me say that no one hates counterfeiters so badly as I do. I simply detest anything of the kind. I don't think there is anybody that hates lying so badly as I do, either. I wouldn't lie for anything in the world. Now. I printed those circulars and decided to send them out and see if I couldn't find out some fellows who would like to be counterfeiters."

"Well, how is it about this fictitious name, and what did you propose to do when they sent you the doilars?"

"Well, I'll tell you about that. As I said before, I hate lying. Now, my initials are J. A., and my first two names are John Adams. You see that was no lie. When I got the money I expected to send them some good advice. Now, if advice is worth anything, it is worth a doilar, and I intended to send them a doilar's worth. So you see it was all a joke. You can keep it all quiet if you have a mind to, can't you? You won't make any scandai, will you?

"I shall be obliged to lay all the points of this joke before the District Attorney. He may consider it of no consequence and dismiss it, but I can do nothing less."

"The editor was a leading church member, and was considered one of the big men of the town. He consulted a lawyer, and the two decided not to wait for the District Attorney. He may consider to on wait for the District Attorney. He may consider to the wait for the pinter

### A STUDY IN CHURCIL

How Two Selected Belies Behaved Them-

selves During a Service. A Sun reporter went with a country friend o Grace Church to observe the demeanor of the fashionable girls who rendezvous there of a Sabbath morning. They sat for a short time in a pew at the side that commanded a view of he entrance. Others were there waiting for the ushers to find them better seats. When the voluntary was about coming to an end the pew holders began to arrive. The girls rustled by in magnificent apparel, and every one of them paused for an instant at the head of the aisle, looking about the church before she walked down to her pew. Each one also car-

by in magnificent apparel, and every one of them paused for an instant at the head of the aisle, looking about the church before she walked down to her pow. Each one also carried an elegant prayer book in her hand. The most popular edition had gilt-edged leaves, blue back, and a blue border on vellum covers. The rector and his assistants and the choir marched in and the stream. I incoming pewholders increased. The Lashionable character of the audience became more marked. A typical pair of delightful and handsome girls came in while the minister waslengaged in reading the service. They entered at opposite sides of the vestibule, recognized each other, and ran together with a resounding kiss that echoed its way down the broad aisle and lost itself in the sounding board over the pulpit. They held their prayer books daintily before them and chatted and smiled, and as they smiled each took rapid but keen surveys of the other's dress. Each was blessed with an elegant ligure and a rich papa, and there was little room for disadvantageous comparison, one with the other.

"When are you going away?" asked one.

"Next week. When do you go?"

"Oh, we're going the day after to-morrow. We shall go to Greeva in July going to Paris and the distribution. We must persuade our mout take the same steamer." Then going the balze doors that opened upon the side aisle, the last sueaker peeped through and whispered: "I think there are strangers in our pew."

Not bey came to the head of the side aisle, stood for a moment as the others had done, and then walked about half way down the church to their pew. When they entered the pew they gave a swing to their skirts to assure themselves that the tournure should come down right. It was gracefully done. Then they inclined their heads, one putting a veilum-covered prayer book to her eyes, the other her gloved flagers. A friend in the pew in front turned and kindly showed their skirts to assure themselves that the tournare should come down right. It was gracefully done. Then they see the should

"You are very late, doctor," said the sick man feebly. "I expected you an hour ago. I am afraid the delay may prove serious." I am very sorry." responded the physician, "but I got into an argument over the relative merits of the old and new echeol of medicine, and couldn't get away."

MOUNTING A FOUR-IN-HAND COACE. Not at all Difficult for Ladles If the Guard Has Been Well Trained. From the Indianapolis Journal.

I was just turning into Fifth avenue yesterday when I heard the mellow toots of the bugle announcing the coming of the coach Presently it came into visual to the coach Presently it came into visual to the coach Presently it came into visual to the coach of release and yellow affair, drawn by four handsome horses. The driver in the regulation coaching it was trougers, tall white hat, and top boots, flourished a long whip as he reined the horses up to the curb in front of the hord entrained to hear the horses and the coach in the curb in front of the hord entrained to hear the hord of the hord of the hord has been declared in the hord of the rear span of horses, where he remained standing picturesquely holding the check rein. A uniformed belibov came from the hord and formed a similar tableau at the hord of the front span. The grant during the check rein. A uniformed belibov came from stepladder, with a hook at the end, which he caught into the forward step over the wheel sallowing the other and to rest on the walk. The passes of the front span. The grant which he caught into the forward step over the wheel sallowing the other and to rest on the walk. The passes get entire positions they could occupy on the coach top, for none of them, of course, nurposed to sit inside the coach; they could not be seen there. The guard waited by the ladder for a decision on this important point. Finally an elderly lady said that she would went to the ladder, looked up at the high box. Shu her ipps together determinedly, grasping her skirts with the left hand to get them away from the right, and bogan to climb. She had been on a coach before and knew the way, for a temporary to the ladder, looked up at the high box. She is going up ordinary steps—to a horse car, for instance—and in this important point.

Finally an elderly hady said that she would assist

Twenty-five Thousand People Witness the

The laying of the Corner Stone, Minneapella.

From the Pioneer Press.

The laying of the corner stone of the new building of the Knights of Labor yesterday afternoon was the most important event in the history of Minneapolis labor organizations, and one of the greatest demonstrations that ever took place in Minneapolis. Six thousand people, comprising the labor societies of Minneapolis and many of those of St. Paul and other places in the State, made up the procession, and from 20,000 to 25,000 people were spectators of the imposing eeremony. The parade was an imposing one. Men in uniform, soneapoils and many of those of St. Paul and other places in the State, made up the procession, and from 20,000 to 25,000 people were spectators of the imposing ceremony. The parade was an imposing one. Men in uniform, so-cleties with regalia, badges, and banners, hundreds of waving flags and soveral bands of music gave color and tone to the procession, which was fully two and a half miles long. The stone itself, an elegantly carved block of granite, was an object of general interest. A pavilion had been temporarily erected, the canopy of which was the magnificent flag which floated over Nicollet avenue at the last election, bearing the name of the Hon, John B. Gliffilian. At times the guats of wind struck so forcibly that they threatened to bear away platform, cantony, and the select number of ladies and gentlemen who were so fortunate as to get reserved seats on the platform. The wind also made it absolutely impossible at times for those a few feet away to hear.

The exercises opened with the performance of a rousing selection by Willard & Thyles's Band, after which Mons. Baker's quartot sang. "The Star Spangled Banner." The Rev. Daniel Morgan of St. Paul offered prayer. Mayor Ames was introduced, and expressed his sense of the propriety of erecting in Minneapolis, the head centre of organized labor in the Northwest, the first temple of labor in the world. He welcomed the visitors from abroad, and complimented the Minneapolitans on their stamina in pushing onward such an important undertaking. Thomas A. Clark, President of the K. of L. Building Association, made an address in which he outlined the history of the labor movement in Minneapolis. He said:

The task which has been given to me of writing the history of this undertaking is a glorious pespensionity.

the K. of L. Building Association, made an address in which he outlined the history of the labor movement in Minneapolis. He said:

The task which has been given to me of writing the history of this undertaking is a glorious responsibility and the grandest opportunity of my life. The history of this structure is the history of the labor movement in Minneapolis. We can honeally brag of the work thus far, and point with pride to the fact that it is the first temple erected to labor in the history of the work thus far, and point with pride to the fact that it is the first temple erected to labor in the history of the world. It was in the fall of 1871, when so many mills were built and industry took such a start, that the movement began in Minneapolis. It had some reverses and changes of fortune. In 1877 the anticipated riot was prevented workingment a Union was the sinking, but it coared the Workingment's Union was the sinking, but it coared the Workingment's Union was the sinking, but it coared the distance of the politic was the sinking, but it coared the state. The organization has prospered, and a natural outcome was the formation of the K of L. Building Association for the erection of this hall.

President Clark then gave the description of the building as already published in the Floneer Press.

The foundation block of stone next became the contre of attraction, and under the direction of J. P. Medaughey, representing the General Assembly: J. L. Woolsov, V. U. and George Parish of the local assembly, the derrick was manipulated, and the stone swung into place. In the Schopper casket beneath it were placed the following articles:

By laws of the Bricklavers' International Union of the Bricklayers' and Masens' Union, Union Label Cigar Makers' Union, K of L. Building Association, Railway Employees' Benefit Association, Builway Employees' Benefit Association, Ladies Protective Association, the Crusaders Total Abstinence Society, the Carpenter's and Joiners' Brotherinost Lie Summer Aid Society, the Carpenter's an

Here in thy name we raise
A temple to thy praise.
Sweet Liberty!
Strong may it ever stand.
Foulded by freemen's hand,
A beacon in the land.
For Liberty.

With willing heart and mind, Workingmen now combined. For free comes caused Let every sound proclaim. In our treator's name. That we henceforth maintain like righteous laws.

May truth and right prevail.
Till all the world shall hall
Friendship's bright dags.
For this our song shall be,
Helping the noble free.
Tolling on land and sea,
Under our swag.